UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson | Louis L. Mann | Curtis W. Reese

Sermons in People

By FRANK C. DOAN

The Plight of the Vanishing Farmer

By DAVID STARR JORDAN

"John Brown's Body" and the Thoughts It Brings

By ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

The Moral Equivalent of War

By HENRY W. PINKHAM

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SPECIAL!

Two Features for 1929:

(a)—Our Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Holmes, is leaving directly after New Year's for a three months' trip to Palestine, where he will deliver an address in dedication of a Public Health Center in Jerusalem. On his return he expects to visit Constantinople, Athens, Egypt and Italy. During his absence, *Mr. Holmes will contribute a weekly letter to* UNITY *describing his observations and experiences.*

(b)—Our Associate Editor, Mr. Reese, is now in India, in attendance on the 100th Anniversary celebration of the Brahmo-Somaj. He plans to return to America *via* Egypt and the Mediterranean. On this four months' trip, *Mr. Reese will write for* UNITY *a series of letters describing his experiences, especially in India.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CII MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1929 NUMBER 21

TO SAROJINI NAIDU—THE POET*

A spirit lifted as a cloud
Whose soul-lit eyes may see
The glories of a universe
Veiled to the blind like me.

One who has lived in Paradise
Once in some long ago
And there has learned to sing the songs
That only angels know.

Songs with a sense more penetrant
Than mortal-words can bound
Songs with a thought too infinite
For earth to ring around.

They swing us to the far away
They cradle us in space
Where all the world is soon forgot
And God reveals His face.

GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON.

*Written upon the occasion of the Banquet in honor of Mrs. Naidu at the International House in New York, November, 1928.

The passage of the multilateral treaty for the renunciation of war with only one dissenting voice is certainly an event of the first magnitude in the history of the world. Arbitration treaties more thoroughgoing and binding have been passed between certain nations in various parts of Asia, Europe and South America. But nothing like the Kellogg-Briand treaty has even been adopted before by nations located in every continent, and including such diverse cultures. Every individual who has had even the slightest part in promoting the treaty may well feel joy and pride in having furthered one of the greatest movements in the liberation of mankind. The "interpretations" unquestionably weaken the force of the treaty; so much so that many will turn cynical over the whole business and will call it merely an empty but harmless gesture. To say that we may still go to war for self-defense and that we are the sole judges of what self-defense is, leaves us free to engage in almost any war we want to undertake. But note this difference! We must convince the world that it is self defense, and that will be an increasingly difficult thing to do in the future. Could we have gone to war with Mexico if this treaty had been in force? What would have happened in the case of the Spanish-American war? and could we interpret our part in the world-war as self-defense? Call the roll of European wars in the last hundred years, and could many of the nations convince public opinion that they were fighting for the father-land? Surely not. And with equal surety we have made a great contribution to world peace in the passage of the treaty and now—on to the next step which is the joining of the United States with the Word Court. Now that we have renounced war as an instrument of national policy we should see the inescapable logic of establishing connections with a tri-council which is the only means of adjudicating international difficulties.

The next fight in Congress will be over the cruiser bill, and the navy men are more determined than ever before. Last year they were snowed under by such an avalanche of protest against the naval increase, that they came away with almost nothing. And at the beginning of this session the Kellogg Treaty advocates got their measure before the Senate so that it was voted on before the naval advocates could get their cruisers into line. So naturally the military men are itching to get their hands into the political pie, and they expect to pluck out fifteen good sized plums. The peace forces have beaten them once to a frazzle, they have successfully engineered the peace treaty. Now for revenge! It will be hard, or perhaps impossible, to beat the group of men who are so smarting under a sense of injustice. We prophesy that the new cruiser bill will pass, but we don't want it to! In the first place we are told by friends who ought to know, that in order to get fifteen cruisers, the navalists have produced some old wrecks which have been long ago antiquated and are claiming that these must be "replaced." We cannot help wondering whether "replacement" is not a weasel word in this situation, and whether "increase" wouldn't be clearer and more honest English. Secondly, we are against the bill because of its psychological effect upon the world's attitude toward us. If after the signing of the pact, we immediately order this new and large flotilla of cruisers, other nations, especially those of Europe and South America will lose confidence in our genuine peace purposes. And thirdly, we are against it as a part and parcel of the altogether outrageous growth of militarism which has gone beyond all reason. The territory of the United States has increased about three and a half times since Washington's time; the population has increased about twenty-seven times but our military expenses have increased about six hundred and thirty

times! Let us call a halt to this madness. And the time is now!

One of the most important bits of information published in recent months did not get into newspaper headlines, but was given out by the department of commerce of the United States in one of its bulletins. It refers to one of the most fundamental of all human interests—marriage—and it states a tremendously important and revolutionary fact;—namely, that the number of marriages in this country actually decreased during the past year! We would not be so astonished or disturbed to know that relatively to the population marriages are on the decrease. But the statistics declare that despite an increase in population, the actual number of marriages in 1926 were 1,202,574 while in 1927 they fell to 1,200,694. This is a decrease of only one-fifth of one per cent, but no matter how infinitessimal the fraction of a percent, any decrease whatsoever must be viewed as tremendously significant. What are the causes and what are the results? Of course there is the rising standard of living which makes some people fear the expense, but if this is the chief cause, what a comment on our prosperity! We believe that one of the most important causes, however, is not economic but lies in a growing cynicism regarding marriage. People no longer idealize the "blessed state of matrimony," but it has become the fashion to advertise all its faults. Probably the spread of information regarding birth control may have had something to do with it, and possibly also, the growing cult of freer sexual morals. And what of the results? Undoubtedly, despite all the cynicism to the contrary, those who in increasing numbers refuse to marry will miss what President Eliott so frequently referred to as "the enduring satisfactions of life." People will become more restless, and more wistful. They will wonder why it is that life does not quite measure up to our standards of it!

Boston and Tennessee! Perhaps they do not recognize each other as mates, but in the public mind they are indissolubly connected as outstanding examples of censorship. In the one case, censorship of books has made the city almost ridiculous, while in the other, the ban on the teaching of evolution has made the State a laughing stock of the nation. But from both these dark corners of the continent there are some recent flashes of light. The State Library Club of Massachusetts is to start a drive on the legislation which makes the present system of censorship possible. A book can now be banned if it contains a single passage which can be interpreted as indecent, which of course puts the Bible, Shakespere, and numberless other great works of literature on the list of condemned volumes. The new statute, proposed by the club, makes the complete volume the test, and unless the whole book is indecent it cannot be censored. Such a law is obviously the only common-sense approach to the solution of the age-old problem of the corruption of morals through literature. And in Tennessee at the recent trial of a teacher charged with breaking the anti-evolution law, it was announced by a legislator that a new bill would be introduced in the near future repealing the old statute. In making the announcement, the proponent of the new bill said that he did not believe in evolution, but that he also did not believe in making his whole state the butt of jokes and ridicule throughout the United States and Europe. Thus is illustrated again the fact that such absurd excesses against the spirit of freedom will tend to right themselves in due time.

Three recent announcements representing various phases of the prohibition situation are interesting and significant. First, President Elect Hoover is to appoint a commission of unbiased men to make a scientific study of the problem. That is like an engineer and is helpful for at the present time the whole question is befuddled by partisanship and prejudice. In the midst of charges and counter charges, raids, arrests and bitter attacks, the average citizen does not get the facts. He gets lurid distortions of the facts. Let us by all means have a calm, unbiased, scientific study of the truth. It is only after such a study and report that we can have a really enlightened public opinion on the questions of enforcement. The second announcement, if true, sounds strange, for it chronicles the unwillingness to receive and use a fund of $25,000,000! Who ever heard of such a scandal! Yet we are told that Secretary Mellon did just that. That amount was voted by the Senate Committee as a part of the additional enforcement funds, and enforcement is under the Department of the Treasury. So this amounts to a refusal to do all that is humanly possible to make the Prohibition Amendment and the Volstead act effective, by the head of the Department charged with its enforcement. Truly a strange exhibition of duty on the part of officials at the head of government, and bound to have a profound effect on all officials connected with Prohibition from top to bottom. When men at the top refuse to use funds, why should governors, mayors, chiefs of police and detectives do their duty? And the third announcement is by the Hearst papers to the effect that a $25,000 prize will be offered by them for the best essay covering the amendment or repeal of our present Prohibition legislation. Like all such prizes, it will stir up an immense amount of interest, and will secure an amount of advertising which could not be paid for with $100,000. This is a democracy, and there is no reason why anyone should not encourage the discussion of any subject under the sun. We believe in freedom of speech, so we can not consistently oppose such a move as this on the part of the Hearst papers. But we cannot help wishing that anyone who

has $25,000 to spend, would devote it to showing how reforms could be made to work, rather than to proving that they cannot or will not work.

Harvard University has recently received several million dollars as a contribution toward a new experiment in collegiate education in the United States. The central purpose of the experiment is to build small units for groups of students who are to live together in such intimate association that they will know each other and their tutors, and will have some sense of belonging together in a common educational enterprise. At the present time, our Universities have become so large that all personal relations have been lost except those cliques and exclusive groups which tend to disrupt rather than to unify the community. Such a condition is practically inevitable in the colleges where the student body numbers over a few hundred, and where that intimate sense of fellowship is gone from students and faculty, the educational process becomes individualistic and even selfish. The proposed change at Harvard aims to overcome this tendency and to supply what the English colleges at Oxford and Cambridge seem to have successfully achieved. In England each great University is divided into a large number of constituent colleges in which it is possible to develop a high degree of personal loyalty. The individuality of the student is preserved without making him individualistic. While Harvard does not propose to transplant from England this system in its entirety, it will attempt to do something along the same general lines. The experiment will be watched by educators with the greatest interest, for there is a general consensus of opinion that gigantism has gone too far in the colleges. In fact there is a decided reaction from mere mass and numbers in all phases of life. We have laid altogether too much stress upon quantitative standards, and altogether too little on qualitative standards. Any indication of the shifting of the tendency is to be welcomed.

CLARENCE R. SKINNER.

Sermons in People

III

Hammer and Nails

"The mob has a mysterious sort of power of hitting the right nail with the wrong hammer."—G. K. Chesterton.

The right nail but the wrong hammer! How hard this latest blow from the blunt pen of G. K. C. hits. What he means by the "mob," or whether his gibe strikes them at all, we leave it to him to say. We strongly suspect that he himself has this time struck the wrong nail with the right hammer! To indict a whole class of people is a procedure always open to question. *What* mob is the question in this case? Is he thinking of a lynching-party, for example; of a political mob, "wet" or "dry"; of a "class-conscious" mob moving in a mighty menacing mass into a "class war"; or of a mob of students on a strike against compulsory military training; or what mob? And in any case does not Mr. Chesterton know that a mob has no motion of its own? And that, if they do aim at any one nail, and swing a nasty hammer, it is a nail pointed out to them by some "leader" and with a hammer he puts into their hands? Their sole aim being to hit where he directs their mass-motion.

These points all cry out to G. K. C. for elucidation. All we feel certain of is that there are many *individuals* whom this Chestertonian epigram hits with full and crushing force. They see clearly enough the nail they are aiming to hit. But the hammer! How ill-adapted it often is to the purpose which drives them on! One man we know who has divested himself of pretty nearly everything, and sacrificed almost all that men hold dear,—his "living," his friends, even his own comrades in the very cause he and they hold in common. All this the better to wield his hammer with full force and in his own way. You see him at every convention where there is any least likelihood of his beloved cause coming up, any least opportunity for striking a brave blow on its behalf. "On the job," eternally vigilant,—a sad and lonely figure,—he goes on his crusading way, making speeches, presenting resolutions; oftentimes only to be hissed down and then voted down! Now why? We, who always applaud his speeches and invariably vote for his resolutions, we still ask why this all but universal dislike of the man himself, this all but unanimous rejection of his every proposal? After much reflection we have concluded that the reason is not in the cause he seeks to drive home to the hearts of his fellowmen,—he is aiming at the right nail;—but in the spirit in which he strikes them. His hammer, it is so heavy! Heavy with the weight of a too exacting logic. And his words how bitter! As much as to say, "This is the truth, I tell you. Meet my logic without flinching, if you can. Any man who rejects this well-proven cause of mine is either a fool or a knave, one or the other!" Alas, this unhappy brother has yet to learn that such hammering away with blunt arguments never drives any nail home; that even a well-aimed hatred never reaches the heart of any offending member of society. Cardinal Newman was, one might almost call him, the very personification of logic. "Oriel Common Room stank with logic," as

one of the students of Cardinal Newman's day was heard to remark. And yet after years and years of this logic-chopping Newman himself confesses in his *Apologia* his "dislike of paper-logic." Astounding confession, coming from this past master of the art of logical defense. He had tried it, mastered it as few men before or after him have done. And in the end he had found it wanting. He goes on to say, "It is not logic which carried me on; as well might we say that the quicksilver in the barometer changes the weather. . . . *The whole man moves.** Paper logic is but the record of it."

Another man we know; a gifted writer, this one. Like H. L. M. and others of his school of quick-witted essayists, this man always hits his nail on the head;—well, *almost* every time. Yes; but the pen he wields! He swings it like a veritable hammer against any opposition party which he thinks is headed his way. Does a man, not yet so clear-headed as he, see not exactly eye-to-eye with him? Does some other, not so richly endowed mentally as he, show a different shade of meaning from his? Does a third, less brilliant than he, go groping, though blindly, to the very spot where he already stands effulgent? Out comes his hammer! In goes his pen to his ink-pot! His pages fairly ring with words of alarum! He swings his hammer with mighty blows! And yet, strangely enough, no one ever does get scared; no head ever is crushed in! Again we ask, why?

The other day while driving what in a spirit of poetic license we call our "car," we were pondering those things in our heart. In our abstraction we ran into a concrete post by the road-side and crumpled up our fender. Accounting it the better part of wisdom to have the thing straightened out before proceeding homeward, we stopped for repairs at the first garage. The mechanic looked just once at our face, and then, discreetly asking us no questions but, as we could see, smiling inwardly, silently disappeared into his workshop. He returned presently with what do you suppose? A hammer, of all things a hammer! Or so it appeared to our inexpert eyes. We had visions of a fender hammered out to be sure, but hopelessly scratched and irreparably dented,—its repaired estate far worse than its then crumpled estate! . . . . But what this tool was, as the more sophisticated reader will know, was no proper hammer at all, but a rubber-headed one;—hard enough to do the business in hand but soft enough not to further batter and scratch the offending fender. Thus, what might have been a tragic story came to a happy ending.

Which experience is a parable. Plenty of nails—to go back to G. K. C.—are sticking out today. Many a good plank, industrial, political, social, religious, wants putting into our human institutions. Let every man,—every lover of truth, every dreamer of a world made just, every lover of his kind,—keep hammering away at his thankless job. Perhaps that garage man has shown us the right sort of hammer to use? Anyway, some day we are going to get us one of those hammers, have our small boy gild it with a gold colored paint he has recently found down at the corner drug-store; and then we are going to hang it for a reminder on our study wall. And some Sunday soon, taking as a text, "The letter killeth, the Spirit giveth Life," we shall try to preach a sermon on "The Hammer with a Rubber Head, or the Power of Love."

FRANK C. DOAN

*Italics ours.

The Plight of the Vanishing Farmer

After the late Presidential campaign we are anxious to find a simple remedy for the ills of the American farmer. *There is none.* His cause is lost already. The bases of his troubles are many and most of them are not easily reached. Tilling the land is not an industrial unit. Farmers are of many kinds. The great expense and destruction of wealth involved in the war, the unwonted loss in the value of money and the consequent inflation of nominal values, followed by sudden deflation for which few people were prepared, hit the farmer and the fruit-grower very hard, as also the purchase of "Liberty Bonds" and especially of "Victory Bonds," which farmers and others were forced, by extra-legal violence to buy at par, while compelled to sell at fifteen to twenty per cent discount, the rate of interest being raised after the farmers had become dispossessed. This matter, I was told by a New York capitalist at the time, was "the softest thing ever handed out to Wall Street."

The temporary high nominal prices of grain, as is well known, tempted many farmers to run into debt for more land. Plenty of boom-agents helped in this movement. Inflated prices make it easy to pay debts—easier still to make new ones. After deflation, with the fall of prices, while debts and taxes continued, unchanged, a great crash fell in farmer circles, and in many others. Most of those who in war time had got rich out of the rest of us then created a nominal prosperity which has been sustained by our prodigious national resources, the greatest of which has been the industry of our people and their release from the tariffs among states, which have been the bane of Europe. From this prosperity most classes not specially privileged are still excluded. Most laborers have succeeded, through strikes and other efforts, to gain a considerable share of this prosperity, but farmers get none of it. In the Northwest, especially, many thousand farmers have abandoned their farms, these falling, after foreclosure, into the hands of the mortgage holders, mostly widows and teachers. These had long been taught that the farm mortgage was the safest investment for small savings. In normal times this may be true, but not in time of war.

That the fault did not lie mainly with banks or railroads is shown by the number of banks broken by the accumulation of "frozen resources" and by the fact

that the chief railway on which Northwestern farmers depended, fell into the hands of a receiver.

No simple device can help the farmers who have abandoned their holdings to go away to the cities in search of "real money," and no form of subsidy of farmers at their own expense can be more than a temporary palliative. No tariff, except in a few rare cases, as of citrus fruits and of walnuts, can help the farmer, for the price of most of his products is fixed in Liverpool, a condition we cannot change so long as we are a grain-exporting nation. "Over production" if other than local or temporary, is falling off rapidly as farms are abandoned. To change suddenly from one product to another the farmer can rarely find possible; the fruit grower never.

Co-operation and co-ordination will help, but not instantly. New waterways are very important, but most of the present farmers will be gone before such service reaches completion. Perhaps the majority have gone already.

As for me, I see no real answer to the "plight of the farmers" except in the abolition of all special privileges granted at the expense of those classes not specially protected. But any great or sudden change in this regard, correcting "vested wrongs," will cause new confusion and new plights, and if undertaken should be by degrees, with wise consideration of purposes and of possibilities.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

"John Brown's Body" and the Thoughts It Brings

Stephen Vincent Benét's story of John Brown and the times he lived in has been reviewed by many critics and so far with appreciation justly given.

There are, however, some special aspects of this great book which a vivid memory of the anti-slavery conflict and the emotions it inspired makes of particular interest to the writer.

I was a girl of eight years when John Brown captured the arsenal and started on his way to death at Harper's Ferry.

One of the keenest memories of girlhood is that of the day when he was executed. My mother was a member of the "Female Anti-slavery Society," one of those women who are spoken of by Benét as declaring, "I don't know, I don't care what laws he broke, I know that he was right."

On the day of the execution some of these women met at the fatal hour, as at the funeral of a friend. There was but one place in the town in which we lived where such a meeting could be held, and that not without danger of inciting a mob. It was the damp, dark, vestry of a Universalist Church. My mother called us children in from play, seated us in formal fashion in our special chairs, gave us to read our "Sunday Books"—a fashion of keeping the Sabbath long since outgrown. She left us in the parlor in this unusual weekday restraint and bade us stay there quietly until her return. The meeting was short, as I remember, and in an hour our mother returned with such marks of intense feeling and of tears upon her face that we were all deeply impressed. I can hear her voice now, over the years, as clearly as when she bade us, "Remember that today a noble and good man has met a shameful death; but you all will live to hear his name spoken with gratitude and reverence."

Not long after, only two years, the first troops called to defend the Union passed by our door and they sang "John Brown's Body Lies a Mouldering in the Grave, His Soul Is Marching On."

Our mother's children knew then that she was a true prophet.

To those who in New England were near the Garrisonian group, and felt the thrill of the crusade against slavery, any worthy treatment of that time of moral earnestness starts memories of intense experience. It was an era which parents and teachers felt that children should hear "improving conversation" and attend lectures, even if they were of a sort to invoke high feeling. And Anti-slavery people exposed their youngest children to the most intense appeals for the freedom of the slave. It has been truly said that "eloquence was dirt cheap on the anti-slavery platform," and it was to this intense form of ethical appeal that some of us listened when very young. We heard the call of Sumner and of Wendell Phillips and of Garrison as the voice of the Old Testament prophets. We knew the story of the Grimke sisters who manumitted their slaves and came North to stir the heart of all lovers of freedom; and incidentally to be the first women to speak freely and by invitation to mixed audiences of men and women. We knew the martyrdom of Abby Kelly by the mobs and the sweet compelling voice of Lucy Stone that even mobs could not harm for the charm of it. We knew that Lucretia Mott and Lydia Maria Child and other great women were on the side of the slave. We were many of us schooled in helping clothe the black refugees that the "Underground Railroad," of which one of our Uncles was a helper, carried to Canadian freedom.

We were inoculated with the Garrisonian dogma of method, "Immediate and Unconditional Emancipation"; and did not know until many years later, after the War for the Union was over, that there might have been as firm and compelling a movement for freeing the slaves which held to "gradual emancipation and compensation for owners" and which might possibly have dulled the conflict to the prevention of violence. We have waited, some of us long, for any adequate and noble portrayal of the great experiences that centered around the incident of Harper's Ferry. Now we have it in Benét's great poem.

Not that it gives all the picture. He himself indicates, in a noble passage, that the epic of the black race in America waits for later revealing. Not that it gives enough of the stirring of conscience of the North in that Anti-slavery crusade which gave the emotional urge that sent so many of the northern boys to the war. But, unlike the bondage of the Beards to the dogma of "economic determinism," which weakens their story of the growth of American Civilization, Benét give us a poet's picture of the personal and social forces that met in the struggle of the Civil War.

I consider this the greatest book we have had given us for many years. Granville Hicks in the December Forum has an article headed "The Gutter, and Then What?" If we may judge by "John Brown's Body," the future may bring us a renaissance of real literature in our country.

No praise can be too great for the revealing touches of personal description in which the book abounds. The cameo portrait of the typical Southern woman of "Quality," who "knew the whole duty of woman kind" in her sphere,

> To take the burden and have the power
> And seem like the well-protected flower.

When in later years, after the war was over, and we of the North began to really know these southern women, we felt that had they had access to the sources of intellectual development of some other women in our country they might have gotten rid of slavery themselves as a release from its despotism of the women who were the great laborers of the slave system, the wives and mothers of the aristocracy.

The artistry of the book, which opens with its demonstration of the complicity and active support of slavery by the Bible-reading gain-getting Yankee Captain of the "Slaver"; and the mingling of types from the South and the North in the armies of the blue and the grey; and the interweaving of personal with national experience, is of the finest.

The pictures of Lincoln, of Lee, of Grant and of the lesser men involved in the great struggle are those only a true poet could give, whether in prose or verse.

Nothing in all the biographies has compressed into so short and pregnant a portrait-picture the inner life of Lincoln as the passages of this book that speak as from his own lips. Nothing in all the grave and ponderous flatteries of Lee given as his "Life," matches the stately and beautiful tribute of this book.

It is a minor matter, after all this grateful appreciation of Benét's work, to question his characterization of Higginson as "Swart-minded" but to those who knew Col. Higginson his was a mind that suggested clear reflection of many beautiful things, as well as unflinching honesty in the great test of the John Brown episode.

And where is Frank Sanborn in the picture gallery? That picturesque link between the transcendentalism of Emerson and the practical philanthropy which was just outlining itself in the days during and after the war, and who was one of the inner circle that felt John Brown might be right in testing the South with the sword,—where is he? How I, at least, would like Benét's portrait of this unique personality.

And Theodore Parker, who linked anti-slavery to the universal and eternal in religion; and Julia Ward Howe who sang its lyric and turned the Hallelujah of "John Brown's Body" into deathless literature?

I am asking too much; but when one does so great a thing as Benét has done one who remembers somethings he either forgets or does not know, can hardly refrain from questions.

But it is enough to have "thirteen Sisters beside the sea" and the other poems of this book; and enough to ask that one shall put John Brown in his true place in our history, as when Benét says

> Sometimes there comes a crack in Time itself,
> Sometimes the earth is torn by something blind,
> Sometimes an image that has stood so long
> It seems implanted as the polar star
> Is moved against an unfathomed force
> That suddenly will not have it any more.
> Call it the mores, call it God, or fate,
> Call it man—soul, or economic law,
> That force exists and moves. And when it moves
> It will employ a hard and actual stone
> To batter into bits an actual wall
> And change the actual scheme of things.

John Brown was such a stone.

> He had no gift for life, no gift to bring
> Life, but—his body and a cutting edge,—
> But he knew how to die.

The deepest wisdom of the book is compressed into the line that declares John Brown "Fought for a people he did not understand." Not only is this profoundly true, but in the elaborate and informing "Life of William Lloyd Garrison," written by his gifted and devoted sons, we see that the "non-resistant" Leader of the Abolition forces, who would not vote under a slave-holding and militaristic government, and who advocated disunion long before the guns of Fort Sumter sounded, as the only way of settling the irrepressible conflict, also fought, with life and not death, for a people he did not understand and in a situation he could not truly know.

It is not necessary to minimize the ethical and emotional causes of social changes, as is the fashion now to do, to see that the methods of the early abolitionists were founded upon a social mistake; namely, that all any one needs is freedom and he can make his own way successfully. They had not yet outgrown the dependence upon a legal statement and a creed of belief to work actual progress for all. It seems that the majority of men and women of our time have not yet progressed beyond that 18th Century emphasis upon words! The Abolitionists, especially those of the Garrisonian formula, came of stock bred for freedom and were long-time pupils in the schools of self-mastery and self-achievement. Before were born the social sciences that enable some of us today to understand those people from whom we differ, how could the descendants of the New World's self-impelled Pioneers understand either the slave or his master?

The Civil War was fought in a world so far away that its economic aspects take a Beard to fitly outline, and a poet like Stephen Vincent Benét to show its deep currents of idealism and moral struggle.

The "Invocation" of this book is too noble and too revealing to be quoted. All should read it and add to it the words just preceding "The End," to help them see more clearly the message of our own day.

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER.

Seeking God

> In all the ages men have nobly sought
> Some high embodiment of God;
> For their ideals they lived and for them died,
> Embraced for them the martyr's rod.
>
> Forsook the world or gave it all their strength,
> To fashion Him a Superman;
> Forgetting in an ecstasy of faith
> The deeper meaning of His Plan.
>
> Forgetting the creative chemical
> With which He fashioned human clay,
> They spurned the Dust as wanton heresy
> And sought the Mystic's star-strewn way.
>
> Today in laboratory cell, grown wise,
> They ponder o'er an earthen clod
> They find a Pasteur, Edison, Curie
> Blazing a cosmic trail to God.

ETHEL GERTRUDE STONE.

The Passing of the Duel

When I hear skeptics declare that war can never be abolished, I reply (if the skeptic has known Europe in general and Paris in particular long enough to appreciate the point of my remark) : "And dueling?"

The other day a well-known Paris vaudevillist, offended by something said by a famous French poet, challenged the poet to a duel. In the old rodomontade he asserted that the insult could only be wiped out in single combat, that "honor" must be satisfied with swords or pistols. The poet was asked to name his seconds. The effect was intended to be terrifying. Instead, Paris laughed. Who was this strange Rip Van Winkle who had slept for years and did not realize that the duel was demoded?

As for the poet, he took up his pen, made two or three passes, and proved once more that it is a deadlier weapon than the sword. This time Paris applauded. A duel seemed such an absurdity.

A French friend of mine, also a literary man, was likewise asked to fight a duel—about nothing at all—by a young aristocrat. The letter of the young aristocrat was in bad French. Thereupon my friend wrote back: "As the challenged party I have the choice of weapons. I choose orthography. Consider yourself badly pinked."

* * *

Yet my own memory goes back to days—not very long ago—when to have declined to fight for a matter of honor (and everything was supposed to affect one's honor) would have been reckoned disgraceful. A gentleman had no option. If he had jostled some bullying boulevardier, or had stared at him unconsciously, or had made a quick reply which might be taken in bad part, then he could, if he valued the good opinion of his fellows, hardly escape from a duel. Seconds were nominated to see that everything was done according to the rules of the game and at dawn, while the dew was still on the grass, the parties would meet in some retired corner of a park or wood, would discharge their pistols at the agreed signal, or engage in a bout of fencing.

It must be confessed that the majority of these encounters in our time were harmless enough. It was rare that the consequences were serious. The pistols were fired in the air, and the swordplay was stopped on the least pretext. The antagonists were reconciled —they proclaimed that as a result of these matutinal exercises "honor" was satisfied. The old sinister jibe about "pistols for two and refreshments for one" was seldom justified. It was ridicule that eventually made dueling impossible.

Yet there were redoubtable swordsmen who provoked duels with a mischievous purpose. Their success in duels furnished them with a reputation. Most writing men—especially those connected with newspapers—had their dueling experiences, and some of the celebrated pre-war journalists had to fight a score of duels.

* * *

Generally, however, the duel, as we knew it, was a mere shadow of its former self, a pale reflection of the days of which Dumas wrote so entertainingly, idealizing the figures of D'Artagnan, and the Three Musketeers, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis. The truth about those days is very different. In the reign of Louis XIII—and again under the Restoration—dueling was a public danger.

In the course of the seventeenth century the duel claimed more victims than all the wars, civil or foreign, of that epoch. Richelieu edicted the severest penalties against the duel, but his edict was largely disregarded. Indeed, anybody who had predicted the passing of the duel would have been considered foolish. In the Pre-aux-Clercs (between the Boulevard Saint-Germain and the Seine) and in the Place Royale (now the Place des Vosges) the duelists met; and history even records duels between women in the Bois de Boulogne.

There was a great outbreak of dueling under Napoleon; and with the Restoration matters grew worse. It was not safe to enter certain cafes, particularly those about the Palais Royal, which were frequented by noted bretteurs who perpetually sought quarrels. The parliamentarians and the journalists were, after the swashbuckling captains, the principal duelists. Thiers, the venerable statesman who may be regarded as the father of the Third Republic, fought his duel. Boulanger, whose popularity was so great at one moment that he might have become a new Dictator, met on the field of so-called honor, a Minister. Clemenceau, who was both journalist and politician, had to defend himself. Many of the older men, distinguished in the press or Parliament of the present Republic, had their "affairs." In short, until the war, dueling persisted. Now it is extinct.

Public opinion expressed itself against the duel long before it disappeared. From about the middle of the nineteenth century there was a genuine reaction. The duelists were no longer considered to be brave men. They were looked upon as bullies, who were often cowards at heart, at once brutal and braggart, and pretentiously ridiculous. Public opinion did not immediately prevail. It needed much denunciation, mingled with mockery, to outlaw dueling.

* * *

Duels, diminished in numbers in the twentieth century, but the old custom lingered. Force of habit is not always easily overcome, and those who felt themselves insulted believed it was the proper thing to send their challenge, and those who received a challenge believed they could not refuse it without being dubbed poltroons. Many of the duels were half-hearted combats. They were engaged on both sides merely for the form. The irony of the public was keener. Reprobation was more widespread. A sense of shame gradually stayed the arm of the would-be duelist. The duel was disappearing before the war. After the war, it completely vanished.

When I say it completely vanished, I mean, of course, as an institution. Just as there may be, somewhere in the world, a few women who wear shoulder-of-mutton sleeves, and trailing skirts, and other pre-war apparel, so from time to time there may be discovered some old-fashioned duelist. But the race, as a race, no longer exists. Public opinion laughs at the notion of dueling, and would frown angrily at the appearance of a duelist.

What is the moral of all this? It is surely obvious. A French writer, Henri Bourrelier, has rightly said that the Kellogg Pact, which puts war in the pillory, will sooner or later abolish war, as public opinion has

abolished dueling. Before the Kellogg Pact, various covenants and treaties indicated the public desire to make an end of war; but none of them entirely ruled out war—indeed they preserved war as a weapon for the preservation of peace, if that curious paradox may be permitted.

* * *

For the first time war is now declared to be outlawed; and though, outside the text of the pact, various nations have made reservations, it has been put on record that war is deemed to be inexcusable and incompatible with modern civilization. Public opinion is aroused to the need of putting war beyond the pale; and if public opinion grows strong enough—as it will—the reservations of statesmen will not stand. Precisely as dueling has ceased to be recognized as a proper method of settling private disputes, so will war cease to be recognized as a proper method of settling national disputes.

And the means will be the same in both cases. The moral condemnation of the duel will be followed by the moral condemnation of war. It was not Richelieu's edicts, it was not severe punishment during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries which stopped dueling. It will not be "sanctions" which will stop war. The sanctions, the punishments, envisaged by many people against war, will prove in themselves to be ineffective. It is the moral denunciation of war which will make it seem a foolish method, a criminal act.

These are the thoughts that came to me as I sat in a café, once the haunt of bretteurs and dueling boulevardiers, after the signing of the Kellogg Pact in Paris. War will soon seem as distant and incredibly ridiculous and tragic as the duel (which, nevertheless, was accepted within my own memory) now seems. I cannot conceive of one of my neighbors, whose newspaper I have unwittingly swept from the table, challenging me to a duel. Why should I suppose that a whole nation, in a fit of collective braggadocio, will challenge another nation to an international duel?

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

The Christian Science Monitor.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1929)

PART V—CHAPTERS XVIII AND XIX

Penetrating the Villages

As far as was possible we placed each school in charge of one man and one woman. These volunteers had to look after medical relief and sanitation. The womenfolk had to be approached through women.

Medical relief was a very simple affair. Castor oil, quinine and sulphur ointment were the only drugs provided to the volunteers. If the patient showed a furred tongue or complained of constipation, castor oil was administered, in case of fever quinine was given after an opening dose of castor oil, and the sulphur ointment was applied in case of boils and itches after thoroughly washing the affected parts. No patient was permitted to take home any medicine. Whenever there was some complication Dr. Dev was consulted. Dr. Dev used to visit each center on certain fixed days in the week.

Quite a number of people availed themselves of this simple relief. This plan of work will not seem strange when it is remembered that the prevailing ailments were few and amenable to simple treatment, by no means requiring expert help. As for the people the arrangement answered excellently.

Sanitation was a difficult affair. The people were not prepared to do anything themselves. Even the field laborers were not ready to do their own scavenging. But Dr. Dev was not a man easily to lose heart. He and the volunteers concentrated their energies on making a village ideally clean. They swept the roads and the courtyards, cleaned out the wells, filled up the pools near by, and lovingly persuaded the villagers to raise volunteers from amongst themselves. In some villages they shamed people into taking up the work, and in others the people were so enthusiastic that they even prepared roads to enable my car to go from place to place. These sweet experiences were not unmixed with bitter ones of people's apathy. I remember some villagers having frankly expressed their dislike for this work.

It may not be out of place here to narrate an experience that I have described before now in many meetings. Bhitiharva was a small village in which was one of our schools. I happened to visit a smaller village in its vicinity and found some of the women dressed very dirtily. So I told Mrs. Gandhi to ask them why they did not wash their clothes. She spoke to them. One of the women took her to her hut and said: "Look now, there is not a cupboard here containing other clothes. The *sari* I am wearing is the only one I have. How am I to wash it? Tell Mahatmaji to get me another *sari* and I shall then promise to bathe and put on clean clothes every day."

This cottage was not an exception, but a type to be found in many Indian villages. In countless cottages in India people live without any furniture, and without a change of clothes, merely with a rag to cover their shame.

One more experience I will note. In Champaran there is no lack of bamboo and grass. The school hut they had put up at Bhitiharva was made of these materials. Some one—possibly some of the neighboring planters' men—set fire to it one night. It was not thought advisable to build another hut of bamboo and grass. The school was in charge of Sjt. Soman and Mrs. Gandhi. Sjt. Soman decided to build a *pucka* house and thanks to his infectious labor, many cooperated with him, and so a brick house was soon made ready. There was no fear now of this building being burnt down.

Thus the volunteers with their schools, sanitation work and medical relief gained the confidence and respect of the village folk, and were able to bring good influence to bear upon them.

But I must confess with regret that my hope of

putting this constructive work on a permanent footing was not fulfilled. The volunteers had come for temporary periods, I could not secure any more from outside, and permanent honorary workers from Bihar were not available. As soon as my work in Champaran was finished, work outside which had been preparing in the meantime drew me away. The few months' work in Champaran, however, took such deep root that its influence in one form or another is to be observed there even today.

When a Governor Is Good

Whilst on the one hand social service work, of the kind I have described in the foregoing chapters, was being carried out, on the other the work of recording statements of the ryots' grievances was progressing apace. Thousands of such statements were taken and they could not but have their effect. The ever growing number of ryots coming to make their statements increased the planters' wrath and they moved heaven and earth to counteract my inquiry.

One day I received a letter from the Bihar Government to the following effect: "Your inquiry has been sufficiently prolonged and should you not now bring it to an end and leave Bihar?" The letter was couched in polite language, but its meaning was obvious.

I wrote in reply that the inquiry was bound to be prolonged, and unless and until it resulted in bringing relief to the people I had no intention of leaving Bihar. I pointed out that it was open to Government to terminate my inquiry by accepting the ryots' grievances as genuine and redressing them, or by recognizing that the ryots had made out a *prima facie* case for an official inquiry which should be immediately instituted.

Sir Edward Gait, the Lieutenant Governor, asked me to see him, expressed his willingness to appoint an inquiry and invited me to be a member of the Committee. I ascertained the names of the other members and after consultation with my co-workers agreed to serve on the Committee, on condition that I should be free to confer with my co-workers during the progress of the inquiry, that Government should recognize, that by being a member of the Committee, I did not cease to be the ryots' advocate, and that, in case the result of the inquiry failed to give me satisfaction, I should be free to guide and advise the ryots as to what line of action they should take.

Sir Edward Gait accepted the condition as just and proper, and announced the inquiry. The late Sir Frank Sly was appointed Chairman of the Committee.

The Committee found in favor of the ryots, and recommended that the planters should refund a portion of the exactions made by the planters which the Committee had found to be unlawful and that the *tinkathia* system should be abolished by law.

Sir Edward Gait had a large share in getting the Committee to make a unanimous report and in getting the agrarian bill passed in accordance with the Committee's recommendations. Had he not adopted a firm attitude, and had he not brought all his tact to bear on the subject, the report would not have been unanimous and the Agrarian Act would not have been passed. The planters wielded extraordinary power. They offered strenuous opposition to the bill in spite of the report, but Sir Edward Gait remained firm up to the last and fully carried out the recommendations of the Committee.

The *tinkathia* system which had been in existence for about a century was thus abolished, and with it the planters' *raj* came to an end. The ryots who had all along remained crushed now somewhat came to their own, and the superstition that the stain of indigo could never be washed out was exploded.

It was my desire to continue the constructive work for some years, to establish more schools and to penetrate the villages more effectively. The ground had been prepared, but it did not please God, as often before, to allow my plans to be fulfilled. Fate had decided otherwise and drove me to take up work elsewhere.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

My Country

My country is the world; I count
No son of man my foe,
Whether the warm life-currents mount
And mantle brows like snow
Or red or yellow, brown or black,
The face that into mine looks back.

My native land is Mother Earth,
And all men are my kin,
Whether of rude or gentle birth,
However steeped in sin;
Or rich, or poor, or great, or small,
I count them brothers, one and all.

My birthplace is no spot apart,
I claim no town nor State;
Love hath a shrine in every heart,
And wheresoe'r men mate
To do the right and say the truth,
Love evermore renews her youth.

My flag is the star-spangled sky,
Woven without a seam,
Where dawn and sunset colors lie,
Fair as an angel's dream;
The flag that still, unstained, untorn,
Floats over all of mortal born.

My party is all human-kind,
My platform brotherhood;
I count all men of honest mind
Who work for human good,
And for the hope that gleams afar,
My comrades in this holy war.

My heroes are the great and good
Of every age and clime,
Too often mocked, misunderstood,
And murdered in their time
But spite of ignorance and hate
Known and exalted soon or late.

My country is the world; I scorn
No lesser love than mine,
But calmly wait that happy morn
When all shall own this sign,
And love of country as of clan,
Shall yield to world-wide love of man.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

The Moral Equivalent of War

In a recent *Atlantic Monthly* Mr. Walter Lippmann introduced a discussion of "The Political Equivalent of War" by a reference to the essay of William James on "The Moral Equivalent of War." He does "not suppose that any one who has read James's essay attentively would venture to dispute his main argument." One needs, however, to be neither bold nor rash to dispute that argument in the light of the science of today. It is high time that it should be done.

When William James wrote his famous essay he evidently held the traditional and then prevalent interpretation of war, an interpretation that will not bear examination and that anthropologists are now discarding. To him war was the source of "most of the capacities of heroism that the human race is full of." This view, a part of the familiar war myth, is mere superstition.

War is tremendously exciting and naturally the chief theme of early story-tellers, filling a large place in the imagination and the sentiments of the peoples we call ancient. But the whole war period, although it runs back from the present into prehistoric times, was after all but a small fraction of the entire life of human beings on this earth. War is relatively modern. It is a product of civilization, not a cause. Primitive man did not organize for collective homicide. Instinct prevented them, as it prevents the lower animals from the like suicidal procedure. Doubtless war has played a large part in human affairs for the past ten thousand years. But it was in the prior hundreds of thousands of years that the fundamental elements of human nature were determined. And in that long time, when humanity was in the making, it was mutual aid, not mutual slaughter, that enabled mankind to survive amid wild beasts far superior in physical strength. It was co-operation with his kind, not attempts at mutual extermination, that gave to man the intellect and the social disposition that now characterize his species.

Such is the clear teaching of anthropology today, contrary to the view of such eminent authorities in their generation as Herbert Spencer and Lester F. Ward who conceived of war in the past as a mighty factor in promoting human progress. Their theory is now regarded by competent scholars as an "anthropological romance," and war is seen to have been in the past a hindrance to progress, a blunder, a disaster, as it certainly is in the present.

As a matter of fact, so far from breeding the "martial virtues," war tends to kill off the brave and strong and to leave the cowardly and weak to father the new generation. War is in the highest degree dysgenic. While in past ages it may have furnished the most interesting exhibition of the virtues that were for that reason called "martial," it was not the source of those virtues. The struggle with nature, the combats with wild beasts, the labor for food and shelter, the care of the babies, were major factors in making our race what it is. War was an interruption in the toilsome upward climb, again and again blighting some flower of human genius, as when the glory of the age of Pericles sank in blood as Greek met Greek in the Peloponnesian War.

James was right when he said that "human life with no use for hardihood would be contemptible," but mistaken in his opinion that "militarism is the great preserver of our ideals of hardihood." It is true that "without risks or prizes for the darer, history would be insipid indeed." But in the further conquest of nature and exploiting of her resources, in the generous rivalry of service to humanity, there are abundant opportunities for adventure, opportunities beside which collective homicide is dirty and loathsome business. What "risks or prizes" of the World War match the trans-Atlantic flight of Lindbergh and the glory that he won? What military leader in that war has so secure a place in world-wide esteem and affection? Not Ludendorf, not Foch, not Pershing!

Even if war was in the past a useful moral discipline, the new conditions of the present make it intolerable. The interdependence of nations in our infinitely complex civilization, together with the efficiency of scientific methods of destruction and slaughter, has made war in its modern form—in the words of James years before the World War—"absurd and impossible from its own monstrosity." He was confident that the manliness traditionally associated with the soldier, the "martial type of character," can be "bred without war." To this end he proposed the conscription of the entire youthful population for a certain number of years:—

> To coal and iron mines, to freight trains, to fishing fleets in December, to dish-washing, clothes-washing and window-washing, to road-building and tunnel-making, to foundries and stoke-holes, and to the frames of skyscrapers, would our gilded youth be drafted off, according to their choice, to get the childishness knocked out of them, and to come back into society with healthier sympathies and soberer ideals.

In a later writing, still seeing in war "a school of strenuous life and heroism," even though it be "the wholesale organization of irrationality and crime," James suggested as another "moral equivalent," voluntarily accepted poverty. "Poverty," said he, "*is* the strenuous life,—without brass bands or uniforms or hysteric popular applause or lies or circumlocutions."

It is not only the so-called martial virtues that modern war demands. It demands also a propaganda of lies in order that a whole population may be inflamed with hate of that group of fellow-men called "the enemy." It demands the suspension of democratic liberties, even the setting aside of the inalienable right to life itself. The conscription of men for the killing of their kind is the utmost degradation of personality. Naturally and inevitably collective homicide,—itself in essence the supreme wickedness, no matter how excellent the motives of those who engage in it,—draws after it every lesser iniquity. A moral slump, a crime wave, a period of political corruption, of sordid materialism, of social disintegration, follow every war. That the aftermath is no worse, that so many individuals emerge from the demoralizing experience relatively unhurt, is a remarkable demonstration of the inherent decency of human nature.

Not a moral equivalent of war, but a moral opposite, a discipline in the appreciation of alien peoples and their cultures, in the understanding of the unity of the race, and in the recognition of the dignity and worth of personality under whatever flag,—this is the great desideratum.

HENRY W. PINKHAM.

The Study Table

Sacco and Vanzetti

Upton Sinclair has written his greatest book* in his two-volume "Boston." It is a stupendous piece of work, epical alike in proportion and in spirit. As a work of literature it is something new—derived undoubtedly from Zola and the realists, but original none the less in its own right. As a sheer achievement, it is breath-taking in its sweep and power, its intensity and passion, its dazzling workmanship and soaring vision. Sinclair has long since proved himself to the world, and thus won his sanction of immortality. Now he proves himself to his "own country," where he has been, like so many others, "without honor." "Boston" marks, in other words, the perfect triumph.

Upton Sinclair has always been a dual person. He is woven of two strands of genius. On the one hand, he is the great novelist, as shown at the beginning of his career by "The Jungle," and in these later days by "Oil." On the other hand, he is the great pamphleteer—the greatest that the world has seen since Voltaire and Thomas Paine, as witness "The Brass Check," "The Goose-Step," and "Mammonart." Frequently these two strands of genius have become entangled, and spoiled the pattern of the author's work. Perhaps in even his finest work hitherto, the one thread has tended to muss up the other. The best novel, like "Oil," has not been free from the pamphleteering note; the noblest pamphlet, like "The Brass Check," has been touched by the suspicion of "a good story." Sinclair has seemed for years to be struggling with himself to resolve his dualism with a unity of spirit, and thus to produce a work which should represent a perfect synthesis, or blending, of the two aspects of his genius. And now at last he has done it, in this masterpiece, "Boston."

The book starts out as a story, pure and simple. The plot has to do with the widow of a deceased Massachusetts governor who, tired of her idle and empty life, disgusted with her family, hungry for reality, takes her declining years in her own hands, and runs away. She "disappears" in Plymouth, where she takes a job in a cordage factory, and finds a home in the modest abode of a family of Italian workers. Here she meets with a quiet, lovable, sincere workingman, an anarchist, by the name of Bartolomeo Vanzetti. With the entrance of this character upon the stage, fiction merges momentarily with reality. As the book goes on, the merging of these two elements becomes more and more dramatic and exciting. For a while, the story still runs strong. Gradually, however, it makes closer and wider contacts with Massachusetts history—first, with the labor world, touched by Cornelia and her grand-daughter Betty through their acquaintanceship with Vanzetti and his fellows; and secondly, with the world of finance, big business and high society, touched by Cornelia and Betty through their membership in a family which has *entrée* to all the innermost circles of old Boston. By the time that the first volume sweeps to its close, reality has pretty much taken the place of fiction. The second volume opens with the great trial of Sacco and Vanzetti, and at once becomes the historic record of the most famous and terrible episode of modern times. The story becomes a mere tenuous thread; fictional names are replaced by actual names, and imaginary characters by living persons; subordinate events in contemporary Boston life are swallowed up in the one torrent of the Bridgewater case. The closing chapters of the book are unforgettable. Everything and everybody have now disappeared but the "good shoemaker" and the "poor fish-peddlar." Sinclair is all aflame with his tale of these two martyrs. He writes no longer as novelist or historian, but as poet, prophet and seer. There are a hundred or more pages in this second volume that surpass any writing that we have seen in this country for many years.

To a person who knows his Boston, there is something almost incredible in Sinclair's mastery of recent events in that city. Some critics have complained that the author has overladen his book with details—but these critics are invariably those who do not know Boston, and are therefore ignorant of the significance of these details. Sinclair, with amazing insight, has seen the intricacy of the pattern, and the essential place of each tiny thread in the complete design.

Amazing also are the portraitures in this book, especially those of living persons. Judge Thayer, Governor Fuller, President Lowell, and, on the other side, Vanzetti—these are unforgettable portrayals. We venture to think that these men will live in history as Sinclair has described them, just as Henry V lives in the lineaments of Shakespeare's play, and Louis XI in those of Walter Scott's novel. We at least shall never think of Judge Thayer again without seeing the mask drawn by Sinclair's pen, or of Vanzetti without glowing with the warmth and radiance reborn of Sinclair's genius.

But the supreme triumph of the book is of course the description of the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Here set down for all time is this Greek-like drama—its tragedy, its irony, its horror, its utter inevitability. Sinclair has analyzed its factors with unrivalled skill and cogency; he has for the first time presented in its completeness the social and political *milieu* out of which it sprang; and he has lifted its human elements on to a plane of passion and beauty which is almost too high, too terrible. Sacco and Vanzetti will be the theme of writers, orators and poets for generations to come. It seems wonderful that already they should be enshrined immortally in a masterwork of literature.

If we would realize how truly Upton Sinclair has penetrated to the heart of his "great argument," and how faithfully he has depicted its reality, we have only to turn to the letters of Sacco and Vanzetti, happily presented in a carefully edited and nobly printed book.** Yet would we have this volume read for itself alone. Its own inner beauty and unutterable pathos are for the single eye and the solitary heart.

We know not how to speak adequately of this book. There is something sacred about it that seems to forbid discussion. It is like the "Apology" and the "Crito" of Plato, like certain pages of the Gospels. Already it is a volume that is beyond comment and

*"Boston," by Upton Sinclair. Published by Albert and Charles Boni. $5.

**"The Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti." Edited by Marion Denman Frankfurter and Gardner Jackson. Published by the Viking Press. $2.50.

criticism—a classic to be read with reverence and remembered with tears.

The material includes a selection of the letters written in English by the two prisoners during the seven years of their incarceration. To this is added a succinct statement of the case, and the speeches of Sacco and Vanzetti at their trial. Few corrections or omissions have been made, and none in the imperfect English which constitutes no small part of the beauty and pathos of the volume.

Upton Sinclair declares that these letters contain some of the greatest English prose of our time and of all time. We think him right in this judgment, and we ponder the problem as to how these two humble men rose to such heights of eloquence and power. Vanzetti was the deeper, stronger, greater spirit of the two. He read widely in fields of study where Sacco could not follow. The noblest letters, as well as much the larger number, are his. But there is nothing in the book more beautiful than Sacco's farewell letter to his little son, Dante. It is a mystery—how these two men could so attain! We know no answer to the mystery save the fact that the human soul is its own mystery, and, purged of dross by bitter trial, comes forth pure gold. Even this, however, does not explain the magic speech which runs all through this book. It is easier to understand how Sacco and Vanzetti became pure and heroic in character through their years of suffering, than it is to understand how they learn through these same years to speak like Socrates and Jesus.

One word more! What kind of a mind is it which can read these letters, and still believe Sacco and Vanzetti guilty of the crime for which they paid the final penalty?

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Correspondence

Catherine Breshkovsky at Eighty-Five

Editor of UNITY:

Catherine Breshkovsky, "The Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution," was eighty-five on Jan. 26. It is hoped that as many as possible of her American friends will send her birthday greetings.

George Kennan saw her while she was exiled to a tiny village of savages under the Arctic circle. He wrote afterwards, "My standards of courage, of fortitude, of heroic self-sacrifice, have been raised for all time, and raised by the hand of a woman." The same could be said by many Americans who met her during her two visits to the United States—one before the revolution and the other after.

A nobleman's daughter, from childhood her sympathies were with the peasants. As a little girl, she would come home without her furs, having given them away to some shivering peasant child. Later she became a revolutionist and spent many years in prison and in Siberia. Everywhere she was a centre of courage, help and cheer to the other exiles. The government gave her, as a member of the nobility, an extra allowance for her living expenses, but she would use only the amount allowed to peasants, and gave away all the rest, and all that she could earn. The natives of Siberia called her "the miracle woman."

When the revolution finally came, she was recalled from Siberia, was wildly acclaimed all along the route, and was received in St. Petersburg with great rejoicings. Under Kerensky she was made head of the department of education, and travelled all over Russia to promote more and better schools.

After the Bolsheviki seized the power, she left the country. For fifteen years before the revolution, she and Lenin had been opponents. He was a leader in the Social Democratic party, which sought to organize the workers in the cities for revolution. She was a leader in the Socialist Revolutionary party, which worked mainly among the peasants. He did not much approve of trying to organize the peasants, and did not at all approve of there being any revolutionary party except his own.

Unable to live in Russia because she is out of sympathy with the present government, and deeply distressed by the way that things are going there, she has settled in Prague, and has founded several boarding schools for poor children in Russian Carpathia, a district of Czechoslovakia where the people are of Russian stock, very poor and ignorant, but highly gifted by nature, she says, and eager for education. For eight years she has kept these schools going, mainly with money from America. They are doing an excellent work, and many of their graduates have gone out as teachers. She is always hard pressed to support them. If those who write her birthday letters will enclose a contribution, large or small, for her schools, it will make her happy. Her address is Catherine Breshkovsky, Chorvatska No. 5, Vrsovice, Chez Haselbauer, Prague, Czechoslovakia. I can forward contributions for any persons who cannot conveniently send money abroad.

Madame Breshkovsky's courage never fails, but her strong body is giving out. She survived almost all her colleagues in prison and exile, partly because of her strong constitution, partly because of her optimistic temper. She always has unshaken faith in the progress of humanity. But she has become partially blind through cataract; and a postcard just received from her said her hands were so nearly frozen that she could hardly write. Probably she has again been giving away her warm clothes—an incorrigible habit. Let us all try to make the beginning of her 86th year a happy one!

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

Boston, Mass.

The Assumption of World Citizenship

Editor of UNITY:

My first letter this New Year's morning of 1929 is to the readers of UNITY, on behalf of a proposal which I made in less definite form through the columns of *The Union Record* of Seattle, Washington, while I was serving Sydney Strong's congregations there, some five years ago. That article I have not at hand at this moment, but its title was, I think, identical with the heading of this letter. Both the title and the proposal which followed have been recalled to me by reading in the morning paper of this New Year's day that the Soviet Republic has made formal appeal to its nearest neighbors on the west, Poland and Lithuania, for an immediate agreement among themselves of a Peace Pact, without waiting upon the nations to ratify the Kellogg Treaty outlawing war. These three powers of Eastern Europe are to assume at once an outlawry of war as between themselves, and thereby avoid the menace and possible losses of diplomatic delays and democratic hesitations which so far have left the Peace Pact unratified by the fourteen powers signatory to it, and still, as it were, hanging in the air.

My proposal of five years ago was that the multitude of men and women in every country of the world who are today persuaded of the reasonableness of world citizenship as the status of us all shall wait no longer upon politicians and financiers but shall immediately for themselves announce their acceptance of world citizenship, and as far as possible act upon it in all their future relations. I renew this suggestion now, not locally as was the publication of the proposal then, but in this journal which has a worldwide circulation and whose name is itself in accord with such an assumption of world citizenship on the part of all its readers. I will be glad to hear from any and all who are in sympathy with the proposal, either directly at the address below, or through the columns of UNITY, so far as they admit of such response, and if the numbers of those responding warrant occupying the space in UNITY

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE
700 Oakwood Boulevard,
Chicago.
Friday Morning Forum Program for February.

February 1—Harry Overstreet
Psychological Value in Fine Arts
Head of Department of Philosophy at the College of the City of New York and lecturer in the New School for Social Research, New York City.

February 8—Samuel Guy Inman
Problems and Assets of Latin America
Secretary Commission on Cooperation with Latin America. Authority in the field of Pan-American relations and problems.

February 15—Benjamin March
Art as the Mirror of Chinese Culture (Illustrated)
Director of Oriental Museum, Detroit Institute of Arts. This lecture will deal with the general cultural background necessary for any proper understanding of China and her problems.

February 22—Paul Jones
Who Do We Punish?
Formerly Bishop of Utah, now Secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

Lincoln Centre Study Group
Wednesday Evenings, 8:15 P. M.
Dr. A. Eustace Haydon on History of Religions.
January 30—*Early Christianity*
February 6—*Classical Christianity*
February 13—*Dawn of the New Era*
February 20—*The New Humanism*
February 27—Dr. Ferdinand Schevill will speak on *Fascism*

These lectures are in a series, yet each lecture is an entity itself.

Admission Friday mornings and Wednesday evenings, 50 cents.

WORLD YOUTH DEMAND PEACE

The printed report of the Conference of World Youth held the end of last August in Holland has been published. There were 461 delegates from 31 countries representing 110 different organizations at the Conference.

The work of the Congress was divided among six Commissions dealing with the problems of Race, Minorities, Politics, Economics, Religion and Education in relation to world peace.

The freedom of the Colored Races was energetically demanded by the Youth of Africa, India, China, East Indies, Western Asia and America. The Congress declared itself absolutely against all race oppression and for representation on an equal footing of all races in the League of Nations.

By a large majority Gandhi's principles of non-violence and non-cooperation were accepted in the relations between oppressed peoples and imperialists.

Other measures passed were, a condemnation of all imperialism and of all customs barriers and a demand that all countries should disarm and war be stigmatized as an international crime. An almost unanimous resolution was passed against conscription and by a two-third majority, one declaring that all Christians should refuse military service. The importance of Religious and Educational work for peace was recognized. It was agreed that churches should take an absolute stand against war and to this end should be wholly independent of the State.

The Results of War

There are still in Germany today: 785,000 war cripples; 533,000 war widows, 1,134,000 children entitled to war pensions, 58,000 complete orphans, 200.000 parents of fallen sons needing support.

—*Pax International.*

CONSCRIPTION AND REBELLION

Lest we forget that not only Bolivia and Paraguay are busy at war preparations, the University of Washington has disclosed that it will drop thirty-two men at the end of the quarter because of failure to attend classes in compulsory military training. The action was reported to have been taken at the request of the local R. O. T. C. unit. It clearly demonstrates how our universities are no longer masters in their own homes, for the local military unit in turn takes *its* orders from the War Department at Washington, D. C. The students had become too defiant for the military men, and that is why this drastic measure was insisted upon. From time to time, ever since the War, undergraduate demonstrations have been staged against peacetime conscription. If the University thinks that it has put an end to these rumblings of discontent, it is mistaken. Student indignation will not down so easily.

—*The New Student.*

COMMITTEE ON THE INTERESTS OF THE COLORED RACE

The service of placing the Negro speakers before various groups, which is part of the work undertaken this year by the Committee on the Interests of the Colored Race of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, is developing amazingly. Within the last two months approximately twenty engagements have been filled. The Philadelphia Normal School, for instance, asked for lecturers on four different occasions, and listened enthusiastically to Allan Frelon, assistant director of art education of Philadelphia, James and Tanner Duckray, both school principals, and Dr. Virginia Alexander, a graduate of the Women's Medical College. Graduate students of Temple University, the Swarthmore Forum, a sociology class of the University of Pennsylvania, a business men's luncheon, William Penn High School, Friends' Select and seven Junior High Schools are among those glad to have the opportunity of hearing cultured colored men and women talk about some phase of the relations of their race to American life.

First-day School superintendents within reach of Philadelphia have been invited to take part in Interracial Sunday, which will be generally celebrated February 10. Already a large number have asked this Committee to help arrange their programs by sending interesting colored persons to speak to the children.

—*Friends Intelligencer.*

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further I will later write more at length as to certain measures which seem to me already practicable in pursuit of the fellowship proposed. At the same time suggestions from others as to how a world-wide fellowship on lines of an immediately assumed world-citizenship may be most effectively realized will be welcome. It is time, it seems to me, that a lot of people who profess their faith in democracy acted upon the first assumption of democracy, as set forth in the Preamble to the Constitution of the United States itself, *"We, the people,"* i. e., the people are themselves authority and power. We have waited, and do wait altogether too much on politicians. Long ago I ceased to think or speak of myself as an Englishman, because I was born there, or as an American because my father's naturalization made me so, and for ten years I have called myself a "Cosman," that is, a citizen of the world. Is it not the hour for all the folks who feel likewise to say so, and to form for themselves some sort of a League of Peoples which shall tell the Leagues of Nations where they get off? And so I sign myself, as I have long been accustomed to sign,

Yours for all,

ROBERT WHITAKER.

La Crescenta, California.

The Vienna Housing Problem Again

Editor of UNITY:

In your April 16 number Reigh Utley writes 'How Vienna Solved the Housing Problem" by an elaborate municipal building plan.

She says: "Kindergarten and first grade work are provided in the community room of each building.

"And is everyone satisfied? Of course not. All building by private capital has stopped and those who own houses can't rent them as they can't compete with the city owned apartments—(the loss on which is paid out of the taxes.—B. H.) Of course, among these people there is much dissatisfaction and charges and counter charges fly back and forth. But everyone in Vienna has a roof over his head, and the immense building program largely solved the unemployment problem when it was becoming very ugly."

Has the problem stayed solved? My information is that now, not nearly "every one in Vienna has a roof over his head."

BOLTON HALL.

New York City.

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"Dull Winter"

"Dull winter," did you say?
Look at that sycamore which makes a scene
Of beauty of the winter woods,
Weaving its clean white branches
Among the gray boles of the other trees
Or framing them like lace
Against a cold blue sky,
Above the dull brown carpeting of leaves
With here and there a touch of laurel green.
And then, such sunsets!
Do they not rival all the hues
Of summer bloom?
I think the Maker of the earth
Gave joyous color to the whole round year.

—*Alice Hall Paxson.*

THE PROFESSOR'S WAGE

One of the unfortunate results of low professional salaries is that they force many faculty members to work at extra-academic jobs in order to gain a livelihood. Sometimes this work is "unusually poorly paid," and frequently of a "tedious and otherwise unpleasant" character. It often interferes with scholastic work in which every professor ought to be engaged in order to keep from growing intellectually stale. These are the conclusions of the committee on the academic standard of living appointed by the Yale University chapter of the American Association of University Professors.

"There is reason to believe," the chapter announced, at the outset of the investigation, "that the economic conditions of the professors are such as effectively to discourage many young men of high quality of intellect and force of character from adopting this profession." The conclusion reached after a thorough study of conditions at Yale corroborated this fear. It was found that "the present scale of salaries affords good conditions for a scholarly life for an unmarried man; but a distinctly meager existence in all grades for a man and wife with no children. For a family including three or four children between fifteen and twenty-four years of age, that is, the family of a full professor fifty years of age with twenty-five years of service behind him, the salaries afford a wage which falls considerably short of supporting a scale of living comparable to that of fairly successful men in other professions." If a professor receives the minimum pay of his rank, his salary is about one-third of such an imaginary scale. And the Yale wages are said to be no lower than elsewhere.

—*The New Student.*

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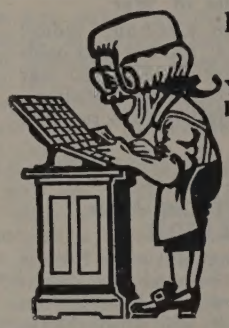

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A WORLD PEACE DAY

An annual international holiday, designated as "World Peace Day," to be celebrated on August 27th, the day the Kellogg Pact for outlawing war, was signed in Paris, is proposed by the German paper *Acht Uhr Abendblatt.* Secretary Kellogg has accepted patronage of this movement, and a number of prominent persons, including Foreign Minister Briand and Paul Painlevé of France, and President Butler of Columbia University, New York, have given their endorsement. Insist that this day be made a reality, and then celebrate it with a will—*Pax International.*

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